

Inside my dark autistic mind

A poetry collection

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“The world needs people like you. The world is literally dying for your kind. Embrace that responsibility and run with it. Get out there earn your keep, give back. It's not going to be easy, never going to be easy. For much of it you're going to stand alone but you've got to stand strong. I beg you do not give in to mediocrity like the other 98% of the world because you would be doing yourselves and the world a great disgrace. You're too smart, you're too smart to let it go to waste. You've got one shot at this, one fucking shot. Don't let a moment slip by. Grab it, snatch it up, make it yours. Celebrate every moment, celebrate every fucking breath. I'm telling you, life, it's a birdsong.”

— *Johnny Depp*

Screaming

My soul is screaming,
it's screaming at my brain to act normal.
To act like a human being.
It's screaming to speak when being spoken to.
It's calling for action, but my lips stay sealed.
My brain is screaming 'Another failure!'
While the tears are speaking the words I
couldn't.

Useless

So tired of feeling useless

Of being useless

Of being a burden in people's life

Always having to ask for help

Always being overwhelmed

Always having all these rules

All these difficult ways of living

Difficult ways of being me

Tired of feeling broken

Of people sighing when I ask them something

Of not being able to do anything

At least not correctly

Tired of people calling me difficult

Spoiled, a brat, lazy, insufferable

Tired of being Autistic

Tired of being me

The darkness

The sun is shining

It's a beautiful day

The sun is shining

The birds are whistling

The sun is shining

And a single rooster is waking up the neighborhood

The sun is shining

But it skipped my house

Dark clouds are forming over its roof

The storm has arrived

And all I can hear is the sound of tears rolling over my cheeks

The sun stopped shining

And the darkness took over

When I'm gone

When I'm gone nothing is going to change
The world is still going to be just as horrible
People are still going to be just as vile
And will still not understand me
When I'm gone, the world is going to keep going
Clocks will keep ticking
People will keep moving
No one will care when I'm gone
I'm insignificant and I always will be
I'm wrapped in darkness blankets
The world will not care whether I'm here or not
So why should I keep trying?

Survive

What do you do when breathing is too hard
And you feel like every breath is your last
When you can't think straight anymore
And everything inside you screams to just give
up
When you want to let go because it's all too
much
When you can't do any good for
anyone When you upset everyone
When you're out of money
And the month hasn't even started yet
When there is no way to make more money

No way to be independent
No way to be yourself
Ever at all
You just get through today
And you get through tomorrow
And you do it all over again
And again
You survive
Because you have no other choice